HTTYD OC Stories

by TheHybridFantasyAnimal

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p style="text-align: left;"strongspan style="color: #222222; font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"Thank you so much for being the first to enter a story, Asvald! I really appreciate it. But anyway, this series will be about YOUR OCs! All you need to do is copy the info at the bottom of the story, and paste it in the reviews with the info filled out. I will try my best to get it done quickly. I am also taking stories here: /spana style="color: rgb(17, 85, 204); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" href=" content/anyone-want-story-their-own-character" target="_blank" content/anyone-want-story-their-own-character/aspan style="color: #222222; font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;". Thanks again, Asvald!/span/strongbr /br style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "...and that's why Typhoomerangs make the flame spiral on the ground." The dragon professor finished his explanation on 'why Typhoomerangs make flaming spirals.' He bowed, and pulled the container of books he used to research out the door. "Class dismissed." After he left, the classroom buzzed with new conversations completely unrelated to the Typhomerangs. Asvald picked up his bag full of textbooks and an apple core. He walked towards the open door, but was shoved aside by another student. Asvald couldn't get a good glimpse, but he saw him snicker and leave. Asvald muttered something under his breath, and clenched his bag tight. He speed-walked out of the room, and saw the same guy who shoved him./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" The guy was laughing alongside another student, but his friend waved his goodbye when he turned down a hallway. Asvald sped ahead, and pushed him to

the ground. He ran away, only seeing him gasp in surprise. Asvald slowed after turning two hallways, and saw the door that would lead to the road he used to return home. He was about to open it, when he was struck down. The same boy he pushed was standing over him with a furious expression./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Why'd you do that, huh?" he shouted. He was about to step on Asvald, but Asvald countered by grabbing his foot. He forced it away from his chest, and got up. The bully was already back up on his feet, and rushing up to him. He pinned Asvald to the wall, and prepared to punch him. But yet again, Asvald countered by punching him, hard. The bully's nose started bleeding./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Asvald!" A voice shouted from the end of the hall. He turned his head, allowing the bully to run away. The Headmaster was standing there, looking in horror at him. "What are you doing?!" He was walking quickly towards the frozen Asvald. Asvald started to speak, but he was shushed. "Come to my office. Now."/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" Once the two were inside the room, the Headmaster shook his head. "Why were you abusing that boy?"/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Becauseâ€¦" Asvald sat down on the chair close to the Headmasters desk. "I-he pushed me down earlier."/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "So he deserved a probably-broken nose?" Headmaster stared at Asvald. He couldn't respond. The Headmaster took a light-pink slip off his desk and wrote on it. "Take this to your family. Let me know what they say /spanspan class="aBn" style="border-bottom-width: 1px; border-bottom-style: dashed; border-bottom-color: rgb(204, 204, 204); position: relative; top: -2px; z-index: 0; color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" tabindex="0" data-term="goog_390000904"span class="aQJ" style="position: relative; top: 2px; z-index: -1;"tomorrow/span/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"." Asvald took the paper and looked at it. Asvald Veleif suspended for a week due to violent behavior to fellow student Snorri Thorisson at the School of Dragons. Below that sentence was a signature from the Headmaster. Asvald looked back up to the Headmaster, but he was organizing his desk like Asvald wasn't there. He assumed he was dismissed, so he walked slowly to the door, with his bag in hand./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"******************************/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"*****************************/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"*********************/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" Asvald laid down in his bed, tossing his pen towards the ceiling, then catching it and repeating. A loud knock hit the door, interrupting his repeating cycle. The pen hit Asvald's forehead, and

he held his head in pain. "What?" he shouted. His father opened the door, and it hit the wall with a loud "bang."/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" His father stepped inside the room, and shouted, "Get to school, and tell your 'Headmaster' you're grounded." He left, slamming the door behind him. Asvald groaned, and forced himself up off his bed. He walked down the stairs to the main room, and stepped out the door outside before anyone could talk to him./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" Asvald hesitantly opened the door to the Headmaster's office, but didn't see him there. Relieved that he wasn't there, Asvald quickly grabbed a sheet of paper and a pen. He jotted down, I talked to my parents about the 'incident.' I'm grounded for a week, so you won't see me anywhere for a while. -Asvald Velief/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" Asvald strolled down the hall, listening to the classes going on. One teacher was chatting about trophies and clans to join outside the school, which was a coincidence, since Asvald had the most trophies in the Berk Academy clan, but was given a lower rank after making fun of the fellow clans and not competing in sports for more trophies. Another teacher was talking about the dragon stables to the newer students, but Asvald already knew that, already having a dragon since he was a senior student. Memories flashed by of his victorious days at the School of Dragons, before he became 'just another student.'/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" He was interrupted from his thoughts when the horn was blown for school dismissal. Asvald rushed down the hallway, and opened the door before anyone got out of class. He slowed down his pace after passing by the stables and farms. But, he was met by a fire blast, which nearly fried him. Asvald turned his head and saw a Nadder hovering over the stables. The boy atop the dragon laughed, and his black-and-red dragon cackled. "How about I give your dragon 'Flame Wings?'" Scowling the boy, Asvald speed walked to his house./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"*****************************/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"*****************************/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"********************/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" A pencil dropped from Asvald's desk. It landed with a light "thud," but it felt hard on his foot. Shaking his foot and cursing silently, he continued to read through the 'top dragons list.' Looking at the greatest dragons in Berk made Asvald anxious to hop on his dragon and beat everyone in Thunder Run Races, but the issue was that his dragon was in the school stables. And Thunder Run Races are difficult. And he was grounded. But, he still felt like he could win and train his dragon to be the best. So, he waited until /spanspan class="aBn" >style="border-bottom-width: 1px; border-bottom-style: dashed; border-bottom-color: rgb(204, 204, 204); position: relative; top: -2px; z-index: 0; color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial,

sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" tabindex="0"
data-term="goog_390000905"span class="aQJ" style="position: relative;
top: 2px; z-index: -1;"midnightspan/spanspan style="color: rgb(34,
34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" and opened
his window. He was out./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34);
font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color:
rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"
Asvald anxiously looked around him, and decided it was safe. Nothing
was moving, and the school was already visible. Asvald snuck between
the houses and bushes, and even around a sleeping Gronckle. Once he
reached the entrance to the stables, he finally got a sense of worry.
If he was caught, he could never get back his dragon. But if he flew
out, he'd be one step closer to being a great dragon trainer./spanbr
style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif;
font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family:
arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" He climbed up the tall, brick
wall and scouted the caves from the top. He saw a wooden sign saying
"Inferno" in the Monstrous Nightmare tunnel. Asvald slowly climbed
down the other side of the wall, and landed silently on the cave
floor. He was about to enter the cave, when he heard footsteps from
the other caves. Asvald quickly hid inside his dragon's stable. His
Nightmare woke up, and snorted, as if saying, "It's time you showed
up." Asvald shushed his dragon, but the dragon just got up on his
feet and yawned. Loudly./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34);
font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color:
rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" A
voice spoke a distance away, and two shadows appeared that stretched
along the ground. A Whispering Death head appeared suddenly, and
Asvald gasped in surprise. He stumbled onto his dragons dark-red
wing, which he got a glare for. The Death exhaled quietly, and
blinked without losing attention. A boy about Asvalds age showed up
under the dragons head, and signalled for the other person to come
out. A girl appeared, and she was riding a lavender-colored
Thunderdrum./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family:
arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34,
34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Hi," Asvald
said awkwardly./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family:
arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34,
34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Yeah," said
the boy. "Um, what are you doing here?"/spanbr style="color: rgb(34,
34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span
style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif;
font-size: 13px;" "I'm trying to get my dragon out," Asvald said
slowly. The girl smirked./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34);
font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color:
rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"
"Well, as you can tell, we are too." The Thunderdrum croaked, staring
at the Nightmare. Suddenly, the neon-blue Death whipped its head to
the entrance of the cave and nudged the boy. Asvald stood back up,
and got on top of his dragon./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34);
font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color:
rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"
"They're coming." The students all motioned their dragons to go to
the sky, and they rushed out. The Death was the first in the air,
leading the group. Asvald brought up the rear, and they headed for
the forest. Once the dragons were hidden behind the trees, and boy
said, "Alright. I'm gonna blast them." The girl laughed./spanbr
style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif;
font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family:
arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "That's all you ever want to

do." He smiled, and flew up high. He hovered over the school, and his dragon released rings of flame. Screams were heard, but no one was on fire. The Death finally stopped, and was beginning to return./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Uh, who are you guys?" The girl, who was enjoying the fire in the school, looked at Asvald./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "I'm Marthe, and that's Trygg. This is Echo," she patted her Thunderdrum, "and his dragon is Splatter."/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Ah. Well, I'm Asvald, and my dragon is Inferno." The Nightmare growled. "As you can tell, he's a fighter." The girl smiled, and stared at the dragon./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "I like it." Once the group joined together again, everyone landed in the forest. "Well, what are we doing now?" Marthe leaped off her dragon./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "I was thinking we can keep training for Fireball Frenzy." Trygg looked away from Marthe and at Asvald. "You in?" Asvald gave him a puzzled look./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Why would we train in Fireball Frenzy?" Trygg rolled his eyes./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "To be the best dragon riders on campus!" Asvald smiled widely. He was remembering escaping for the same reason. He nodded quickly, and the group took off in the direction of the arena./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"*****************************/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"****************************/spanspan style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;"*********************/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" The school seemed to erupt like a volcano. The Headmaster was calling up the "Most Competitively Successful" students of the month, and Asvald, Trygg and Marthes names were called. The other students were chatting and looked in disbelief at the students. The group had worked hard to win many the trophies and earn the title "Most Competitively Successful."/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" Asvald walked up to the Headmaster behind Trygg and Marthe. He handed each of them a medal, which they put over their heads. People applauded, and the three students were grinning. After the cheering died down, they returned to their seats in the audience./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "We surprised them a bunch,"

said Trygg./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Why do you think everyone had such a hilarious look on their face!" she whispered as the Headmaster continued handing out awards. Asvald nudged her arm, and shushed her. Marthe stuck out her tounge, and eventually looked back to the Headmaster./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Please, give everyone another applause for their hard work this month!" The large room exploded in loud claps and shouts, and people exiting the ceremony. After the room had cleared a bit, the threesome stood up to get out as well. Asvald felt a hand on his shoulder before he stepped outside. He turned around, and saw the Headmaster./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "I'm proud of you. I did not expect you to get that award."/spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "Thank you." Asvald bowed, and walked outside alongside his friends./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family:
>arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "What do you guys say? A Thunder Run Race?" Trygg asked while stretching casually. Marthe smirked./spanbr style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" /span style="color: rgb(34, 34, 34); font-family: arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px;" "You betcha." She whistled, and called Echo over. Her Thunderdrum roared, and flew in beside her. Trygg also called Splatter with a whistle. Asvald followed, spotting Inferno hovering in for a landing. They all boarded their dragons, and rushed to the first course of Thunder Run Racing./span/p
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padding: 0px; font-size: 14px;"span style="margin: 0px; padding: 0px;
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font-family: 'times new roman', times,
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font-family: 'times new roman', times,
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